MILLER & RHOADS'S BOOK NEWS. All the latest Books on date of publication, at prices always the lowest. THE NEW ONES ARE:

Bred in the Bone, by Thos. Nelson | The Queen's Quair, by Maurice Hewage. The Crossing, by Winston Churchill. In the Bishop's Carriage, by Mirlam The Cost, by David Graham Phillips. Michelson.

"The Castaway," by Hallis Ermine Rives, author of Hearts Courageous, illustrated in black and white and color, by Howard Chandler Christy; price \$1 copy. A beautiful Christy poster free with each copy.

The book of the yest: "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," by Forest Crissoy, with 50 illustrations, by John T. McCatcheon: a collection of brilliant, witty stories, a anecdote from real life, published at \$1.50, our special price \$1.05 copy.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot

The Night Before the Battle of Waterloo.

BY LORD BYRON.

"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" was written in the early part of Byron's life. The first canto of it was published when he was 24 years old. Two days before that he made his first speech in the house of lords. He spoke against impose severe penalties upon weavers who had broken the would impose severe penalties upon weavers who had broken the way-invented weaving machine. As a result of the publication of the first particle was "Childe Harold." Byron, machine, he was not a triend the \$100 which like received for "Childe and loaded with debt, he gave to a triend the \$100 which like received for "Childe and loaded with debt, he gave to a triend the \$100 which like received for "Childe and loaded with debt, he gave to a triend the \$100 which like received for "Childe and loaded with debt, he gave to a triend the \$100 which like received for "Childe and the received for "Childe means the impressions of a young man travellus through Burope. The word "Childe" means the impressions of a young man travellus through Burope. The word "Childe" means the eldest son. The most time-honored protunciation of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" means the side with the second of the word is "chilled" in the second of

Sofe eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage bell;

Did ye not hear it?-No; 'twas but the wind, Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet-But hark!-that heavy sound breaks in once more,

On with the dancel let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is-it is-the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall

That sound the first amidst the festival,

Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear

His heart more truly knew that peal too well Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,

And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear; And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell: He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise! And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of the alarming drum Roused up the soldier ere the morning star; While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips-"The foel They come! they come!

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose The war-note of Cochiel, which Albyn's hills, Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:-How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the flerce native daring which instils

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow

And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent, Rider and horse-friend, foe-in one red burial blent!

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day,

Over the unreturning brave, - alas!

Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

Battle's magnificently stern array!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass

In its next verdure, when this flery mass

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The midnight brought the signal sound of strife, The morn the marshalling in arms,-the day

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,

The stirring memory of a thousand years. And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And there was sudden partings, such as press

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising kneel!

HERE was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gathered then Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men; A thousand hearts beat happily; and when Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

# BOOKS FOR THE SUMMER UNDER THE CRITIC'S EYE

Miss Cally Ryland's Story, "Daphne and Her Lad"; It Is Interesting and Written in the Author's Best Style.

"THE MAGNETIC NORTH'

A New Book, by the Author of "The Open Question"-The Mid-Month Magazines-Authors and Book Notes.

DAPHNE AND HER LAD. By M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland. Frontispiece by Ellot Keen. Published by Henry Holt & Company, of Boston. For sale

by the Bell Book & Stationary Co. The appearance in the book market of a volume with Miss Ryland's signature collaborator, arouses no small degree of interest in Richmond, where this clever authoress has an acknowledged reputa-tion and a large coterie of friends and

authoress has an acknowledged reputation and a largs coterie of friends and admirers.

The story of the book is a love story. It is told in activers. Any one acquainted with Miss Ryland's style will identify her as Daphne's "Lad." Then perforce, one is to be made acquainted with M. J. Lagen as "Daphne."

One gather from the letters that "Daphne," as the editor of a "Woman's Page" in a Philadelphia paper, commended herself by virtue of originality and fertility in resource to Miss Ryland, who expressed her commendation and thanks for clippings used in the following lines: "To Daphne, praise—compelling sage, Whose wise and witty Woman's Page May see its features from afar. Reflected in "The Evening Star," The sorbe, with thankfulness imbued, Herewith expresses gratitude."

"Daphne," in the person of M. J. Lagen, replied by a note of thanks to the compilment contained in the verse, and so the correspondence was began and the letters indited, that run through the pages of a very quaint and highly romantic piece of realism, if there is undoubtedly realistic.

The thing which chiefly strikes the reader is the manner in which Miss Ryland, as the "Lad," does her woolng by letter. She gildes into manly inpersonation so easily, she is at once so delicate and tender and yet so ardent a lover, that one yields to the glamor of her pen and is quite ready to believe her, for the time being, the character in which etc. chooses to masquerade.

"Daphne" is equally mystifying and of

e chooses to masquerade.
"Daphne" is equally mystifying and of

THE

made in the old moose pasture beside the Yukon.

All these things go in to the shifting scenes of a book that stirs the minds of readers as with a trumpet call, and intuses into the imagination the shigular vitality of a literary artist who wins her effect at first hand and with clear, clean, bold strokes, every one of which must scenes of a book that sits the minds of readers as with a trumpet call, and in-fuses into the imagination the singular vitality of a literary artist who wins her effect at first hand and with clear, clean, bold strokes, every one of which must tell.

OLIVE LATHAM. By E. L. Voynich. Published by Lippincott & Company, of Philadelphia. For sale by the Bell Book & Stationery Company.

It is sometimes a misfortune for a woman's great book to be the first by which she is well known. Because always afterwards, her work is judged by comparison. And a high standard is a difficult thing to write up to.

Mrs. Voynich's "Gadfly" was a book about which even now people have scarcely left oft talking. "Olive Latham" seems almost coloriess when one remembers the glowing passion and the eternal protest of the former book.

This later one is painful and dreary in its painfulness. It is a monotone for memory that one cannot help but feel is senseless and misery that need not have existed.

Just now, when every one is planning his or her vacation, travellers to mountains, seashore, or country want to know what books to take with them. The following books, widely different in character, are among the best new novels, and each is full of entertainment and amusement.

The events in "The Creation" to

and each is full of entertainment and amusement.

The events in "The Crossing," the new novel by Mr. Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," take place in the wilderness from which have been carved the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. David Ritchie, its hero, grows up in North Carolina, crosses the Blue Ridge with the American immigrants of 177 into the Great Wilderness, fights British and Indians, and goes with George Rogers Clark and his men to Kaskaskia and to Vincennes, where they trap the British General Hamilton, "The Hair-Buyer." David's later adventures carry him to St. Louis and down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he finally wins the beautiful Helene. Many charming women besides the heroine appear in the book; which overflows with the romance of adventure, the atmosphere of the woods, and the spirit of the American pioneers who wen the Northwest.

herself who comes out in these arvantate that gives the book its special attraction.

"The Woman Errant," is partly based on a curious model social phenomenon—the challenge of the woman domestic withe woman errant. Barbara, Evan and the twins, of course, reappear in this new story by the anonymous author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," and "People of the Whirlpool." It contains among its characters several young women who enter business life, not through necessity but for the sport of it, or for extra pocket money, caring little as to the result of their action on others. It is less a garden book and more a novel than its pradecessors, but it has charm, good philosophy, and interesting characters and incidents. The theme on which it is partly based is being a great deal discussed nowadays, yet it has been untouched hitherto in fiction.

Magazines.

This later one is painful and dreary in its painfulness. It is a monotone of memory that one cannot help but feel is seaseless and misery that need not have existed.

It begins and ends in sorrow and, as far as one can judge without an object or a recompense for the saarfifec of a woman's love and youth and for her cutting off herself from her home and friends.

THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. By Robert Hichens, Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book & Stationery Company.

Mr. Hichens is considered to be one of the new lights in literature, to be a writer of strong and purposeful netion, His "Woman with the Fan" deals with a phase of English society in high life and has for its main character, Lady Holme and has for its main character should be the woman being aroused to a sense of higher and better things through an accident which deprived her of her beauty and the man because he loves the woman and saves himself from himself for her sake.

The book has its merits, but it is scarcely pleasant reading.

Books for Summer Reading.

Just now, when every one is planning the properties of the properties

The July Harper's Bazar is always welcome. Excellent contributions are "Self-Government in Women's Colleges," by Alice K, Fellows; "Imagination," by Margaret Deland and articles on housewifery and fashion, by Josephine Grenier and A. T. Ashmore.

# GOSSIP IN **NEW YORK**

NEW YORK, June 18.—Becky Sharp is not dead; or, if she is, her prototype is surely very much alive. There is in New York a certain amiable and winsome gray-halred woman who seems to have escaped the police and the press, and yet she has done more men and women than ever fell yietim to maculine bunco steerer. Like the redoubtable Becky, she is an artist in her line of business—whether it be as poet or priestess, or in stocks or bonds, or as the mother of a lovely son who has made a fortune in South America, but has not yet realized his millions. Big game and little game, her snares have been set cleans, where he finally wish the beauties of a purpose—that of publics, it is a finer and a higher standpoint in direct and present interpretation to diseart all resenting and environment, to look upon firmment, etc., and the present of the control of the present of the pres

Brooklyn, too, has troubles of her own. The rowdyism on the Coney Island cars which so outraged public decency last year is breaking out again. In the former outbreak the Y. M. C. A. and other such athletic associations enlisted volunteers to ride nightly on the cars, and bring their muscular christianity to the assistance of the conductors and motormen. This year, the Street Rallway Company has employed sometaing like one hundred young college athletes giving them as a vacation job the delightful task of punching the heads of all rowdes who are looking for trouble. The aim of the company is that the roughs shall be put off the cars, and licked after they are off.

Street Cleaning Commissioner, knew of shorter, and there would be fewer germs to prey upon humanity, whether that humanity be "white-winged" or in citizen's dress.

A Central Park Incident.

Street Cleaning Commissioner, snew of course that no such large number of his men were ill from any cause; but he has set on foot an examination of every man in the department. About thirteen per cent, of the 1,350 cart drivers have been on the sick list for a longer or shorter time, within the past five months, all with some form of pulmonary treuble, but only one-tenth with tuberculosis.

Still, the percentage is very heavy, and A Central Park Incident,

The average New York flat with the average family occupants is evidently not the most satisfactory place for love-making. This is the explanation charity offers for the amount of "courting" one sees constantly in the parks. To the young Miss who has a parlor all to herself in which to entertain her callers, the flat girl's fate must seem hard. The flat girl manifestly prefers to have her love-making carried on before the callous eye of the public rather than the currous eye of her small brothers and sisters, hence she chooses the benches of the parks. Chetral Park, particularly has a visible Cupid perched on every bench.

Now, Central Park is also the rendeztheir muscular christianity to the assistance of the conductors and motormen. This year, the Street Railway Company has employed sometaining like one hundred young college athletes, giving them as a vacation job the delightful task of punching the heads of all rowdles who are looking for trouble. The aim of the company is that the tought shall be put off the cars, and licked after they are off.

Meantline, the passengers shall go on in peace.

The Angel of the White Wings.

The sensational report that one-third of New York's six-theusand White Wings, and to that he is very peace that the tought of the cars, and licked after they are off.

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The Angel of the White Wings.

The sensational report that one-third of New York's six-theusand White Wings and of New York's six-theusand White Wings are the three of the carrying out his plans. He is verily and of New York's six-theusand White Wings and six while cleaning the streets is a period of New York's six-theusand White Wings who has a parlor all to her-tail with the fat girl's fate must seem heard. The fat girl manifestly prefers to have her large them there at his own personal expense. It is a large-herated and large-manifestly and Dr. Woodbury will do not be the size of the wings.

Meantline, the passengers shall go on angel with white Wings.

Meantline, the passengers shall go on the passengers shall go on

A certain ambitious art student, one day not long ago, wandering about those sylvan glades sketch-book under arm, spled one of those romantic-looking couples seated beneath a wistaria arbor. Ensconding herself in a position where she could see and not be seen, our artist obtained just the study she longed for. Just as she was putting in the finishing touches, the couple became aware of her presence. They rose in great indignation, the girl as she floured away turning to remark over her shoulder "such cheek!" The artist could afford to smile in triumph. But in telling the alory afterwards, she remarked that perhaps when the authorities granted her that permit to sketch the animals in the park, it did not occur to them that perhaps the animals themselves might object.

Notes and Comments.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller evidently does not agree with Russell Eage in his no vacation dictum. Mrs. Rockefeller's enterty gave her housekeeper a trip to Europe, paying all expenses. Baid house-keeper had been in Mrs. Rockefeller's employ for 20 years.

Pu and Depew and others of the puissant dignitaries hereabouts have been together tasting the puerlle joys of Coney. Orient and Occident become brothers in that famous little pleasure-ground. By the way, there is no record

Pu and Depew and others of the puls-sant dignitaries hereabouts have been together tasting the puerile joys of Coney. Orient and Occident become brothers in that famous little pleasureprothers in that famous little pleasure-ground. By the way, there is no record of Prince Pu's having investigated any of the churches during his semerican sight-seeing. So it may be inferred that puipit and Pu are still wide apart.

the public schools in Orange, New Jersey, under New York's very eye, is guilty of the inhumanity of making the boys of his school wear their coats even in the hottest weather. If Dr. Swinbgle had a sheep, would he not give it a summer shearing? If he had a dog, would be not clip it? Why should the animal boy swelter close?

Singularly enough, at Newport, where society is now getting ready to disport, the favorite beverage is old port, and titles of nobility are the favorite linport. At least, such is the report.

It is rumored that Collier's Weekly is It is rumored that Collier's weekly is in receipt of 18,000 stories submitted for the prize-competition offered the public and closed June 1st. One's sympathy goes out to the readers who are to pass upon that mass of copy.

A certain New York woman channing the control of the

to see one of these manuscripts before it was sent in, encountered this thrilling love you, Marian; will you be my

"Do you realize the momentous ques-tion you are asking me, Harry?"
"I realize that my happiness depends upon your answering me now."

"The It be to-morrow."

"At our horse-back ride?"

"At our horse-back ride."

And yet, that author submitted the manuscript cheerfully and hopefully.

# THE CHURCH BELL

Written from a Village in Kent, By LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

FEW years ago the curfew still rang in our village, till some modern person who liked new ways and despised the old convinced the village that the practice was absurd. But the bell, though it no longer rings to tell us to cover our lights, rings to tell us more important things.

Every morning the old ringer comes from his little red roofed cottage among the fields, to see if the bell must be rung; every evening he comes on the same errand. The village is a small one, lying high up in the hills, surrounded by green fields and pine woods, and bathed in clear fresh air. So the bell is not often needed. Only about once in the month we hear its loud sonorous voice, telling us that another soul has gone home to God.

I know nothing more solemn than the sound of that bell, nothing more beautiful than the idea that calls fer its ringing. The modern man who laughed at our curfew told us that the passing bell was rung originally to scare devils away, perhaps like the Chinese custom to scare the dead man's soul from the village. Well, why not; why not try to scare all horror and fear from a lonely soul, going out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the soul away from material things out into the unknown? Why not scare the foot of the passing bell brings the folk to their doors.

But even if the modern man were right, we, too, here in the village, are right in loving the bell, for if it was once a symbol of our selfsh horror of death, by and by it became a symbol of our selfsh horror of the passing bell brings the folk to their doors.

So

days, the sound of the passing bell brings the folk to their doors.

Some one has gone; who is it? The question is asked in awestruck tones and answered quietly. Generally it is some old body that has died, some one who has seen his three-score years and ten, and, tired now, is glad to rest, it is of him the people think, "Foor old soul, he has gone."



C. P. DEAN, No. 10 dovernor St., Remnand, Va., Manufacturer of perfect, accurate, lovel and true Pool and Billiard Tables at lowest prices. Highest awards received wherever sa-libited. Full and complete stock of all the various grades Billiard and Pool Table supvarious grades Billiard and Pool Table supplies on hand ready for immediate slipment, such as Cloth, Bails, Cues, Pockets, Triangias, Slate Black Beards, for keeping account of games; Bridges, Chalk, Cue Tips, Green Court Pisster, Bent Needle, Green Sewing Slift for Repairing Tilent Needle, Green Sewing Slift for Repairing Tilent Needle, Head Leathers, Green Worselord Greet, Leather Pockets, Black Pocket Green, Leather Pockets, Black Pocket From Leathers, Green Fringe, and all the various shapes and sizes Pocket from to the Pocket From Leathers Jugs and Jug Balls, Billiard Markers, Ball and Cue Racks, Cue Tips, Clamps, Brushes, Bridge Hooks, Rail Boits and Pocket Iron Bolts, Chalk Holders, Combination Blocks to fit in Pool Tables for playing Billiard games; Ivery Points of Cues, Pool Ball Baskets, Rubber Covers for covering tables when not in use. Dean's Double Action Steel, Spring Hubber Covers for covering tables, when not in use. Dean's Double Action Steel, Spring Hubber Covers for covering tables, when not in use. Dean's Double Action Steel, Spring Hubber Covers for covering tables, most perfect an quality and perfect of the Cushions on your tables are dead or slow take the rails off, pack them in box and ship them to me, and I will put a set of the above Cushions on and cover anne with first-class cloth, all ready and complets to be placed on your table for immediate use for f825.9. I challenge the world to the extent of 4109 to produce Cushions that will surpass them. Old Billiard and Pool Tables overhauled and put in perfect order. Billiard Tables made into Pool Tables.

tions, Counters and snow Cases for an poses.

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and Saloon Counters, full and complete BeerDrawing outflus, DEAN'S Beer Coil Boxes are
the best.
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will have my prompt attention.
Respectfully, C. P. DZAN,
No. 19 Governor St., Richmond, Va.

has seen his three-score years and ten, and, thred now, is glad to rest. It is of him tho people think, "Poor old soul, he has gone."

In watching them, my mind has slipple back a few hundred years, and in imagination I have seen the forebears of these kindly neighbors, just the same sort of people with the same interests and occupations, called to their doors by the passing bell, make the sign of the cross, and whisper plously, "May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace,"

This was surely the Christian use of the bell. It sounded through the village and across the fields, and up the slopes of the neighboring hills, to tell us that a soul had gone home to God. A poor old soul, perhaps, a soul that had tolled and labored, loved and prayed, one who had been among us in the harvest fields or by the Winter fire, but now he had gone out alone.

Perhaps in those years he had done many things to be ashamed of, many a thing to make him dread his journey. How could he help but fear? So the bell rang, to tell us all to stop our work for a moment, stop our laughter and play, and pray for the old neighbor, gone with all his faults and failures to stand before God's great white throne. How tragic that bell can be, how good for us to be reminded of life's great tragedy.

The other day, as I was going over the hill, I met the little sehvant from a farm on the outskirts of the parish, running down to the village with a white, scared face. Before I got to the top of the hill I heard what had been her message. Across fields from the sours erray tower below came the slow, solemn voice of the white body of her dead child.

The bell had a new tone that day. It did not call us to pray. The little white body of her dead child.

The bell had a new tone that day. It did not call us to pray. The little white body of her dead child.

The bell was entreating us to pray for the mother left behind, who now, at this moment, while the sky was blue and the sun shone on green fields, was alone in that dark a

# Monday,

My men will be at your house on Monday morning -weather permitting-and will keep at work till the job is finished. My promises can be depended upon.

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PHONE 2848.

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Daphne and Her Lad," by Cally Ryland and M. J. Lagan, 95c. 'The Gastaway," by Hallie Ermine Rives, \$1.

COHEN COMPANY

"The Frontiersmen," by Charles Egbert Craddock, "Evelyn Bryd," by George Cary Eggleston.
"The Crossing," by Winston Churchill,
"Bred in the Bone," by Thos Nelson Page,
"The Bishop's Carriage," by Marian Michelson.